

Do it All the Time

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Do it All the Time

by [isntitcrazy](#)

Summary

Day 6: Songfic

“What kind of things have you heard?”

“That you’re a dick,” George answered. “And you *are* a dick.”

“Maybe,” Dream moved to stand closer to George, their noses nearly touching, “but I got what I wanted.”

Dream craves attention. George finally relents.

Notes

song - [do it all the time](#) by I DON'T KNOW HOW BUT THEY FOUND ME

if i'm gonna post five dnf smutpics in a week, i think one of them has to be top george. i mean come on

also this is very loosely based on the song i guess. i'm not the best with song fics lol

dream's kind of a dick in this but that's the point or smthn idk

also this is late and not proofread please forgive me

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It wasn't often that Dream went unnoticed.

Which is why he'd been particularly fed up when someone dared to *not* notice him. A pretty brunet in the corner of the library with his hands on a Canon F-1—he didn't pay Dream any mind. Not even after Dream had caught wind of the boy's attempts to take candid shots of their campus, not even after he'd tried to assert himself within view of the lens.

He didn't even bat an eye. It was as if Dream wasn't even there, as if he didn't exist—and Dream couldn't have that. He had made it a point to be noticed by as many people on campus as humanly possible, and he didn't intend to let this one guy miss him.

Who would Dream be to deprave another of his company? That almost felt cruel.

Dream always got what he wanted. It had always been that way, for as long as he could remember. When he was a kid, he knew exactly what lies to tell to come out on top of his siblings. How to get all of *them* in trouble while he got off scot-free—it usually ended with pissed off little sisters who'd hit his face when they finished cleaning his mess. But Dream had a silver tongue and puppy-dog eyes, and he never hesitated to use them.

Or in high school, when he became self-aware of his hotshot quarterback status junior year and used it to get everything and a little more. Like the head cheerleader, and maybe all the girls his friends were dating, too. No one was off-limits—not even his best friend's girlfriend of two years, who Dream managed to take from him at the end of senior year just to prove that he could.

They weren't friends anymore, but Dream was drunk off his own arrogance.

So why, *why* wouldn't the cute brunet in the library pay attention to him? Dream had been forced to watch him leave without even so much as knowing his name—it almost felt like torture. Dream-exclusive torture. When he tried to complain about it to his roommate, he didn't understand. So Dream just laid there with a swirling mind.

He saw the boy again the next day. Outside, wandering campus with that same camera in his hands. He looked focused, but Dream wasn't going to miss an opportunity to be seen. It would've been great if the boy had seen him, but he still never looked his way.

And Dream wasn't going to approach him first. Not unless he *at least* made eye contact, then maybe he'd consider it. Starting the conversation was like admitting defeat—and Dream never lost. That was just the way it was.

It went on like this for a week. A week of staring at pretty boys with cameras, a week of not being noticed. It was on the seventh day of Dream pathetically trying to assert himself that he noticed the boy with a girl; a girl who was clearly his girlfriend. They slung their arms around each other and held hands and shared kisses, and something about the sight of it looked so *wrong*. It made Dream's stomach twist, though he wasn't sure why.

Maybe it was the sight of that boy paying attention to someone. Maybe it was the fact that it wasn't him.

So Dream took a page out of his own personal playbook—a tactic he hadn't used since high school. The same one that made him lose friends and make enemies; he walked up to the girl in the library when her boyfriend was gone, slid into the chair next to her and wore a self-assured grin.

This was not defeat. Because the game wasn't about her, she was just a piece of it. The game was about her boyfriend. Whatever his name was.

"Hey." Dream leaned his chin on the heel of his palm, cast a narrow-eyed glance at the girl across the table.

"Hi!" Her voice was too sweet and too cheery. Dream would've left if this weren't so important.

"What's your name, cutie?"

"Oh, uh..." she paused for a moment, furrowed her eyebrows, "Ellie."

"Ellie?" She nodded. "I'm Dream."

"I know."

That was ideal. It made the corners of Dream's lips quirk with the promise of an arrogant grin, but he pulled a look of shocked confusion instead. Knit his eyebrows together and let his lips fall instead of raise, laughed low and under his breath.

"You do?"

Ellie shrugged. "How could I not?"

Dream hummed in agreement. "Your boyfriend," he started, "how long have you been dating?"

"Oh," he watched her face fall, "George?" *George*. "Not that long, maybe a month or so."

"You like him?"

"I mean, I guess." She looked away from Dream, fiddled with her hands on the table. "He's nice."

"That's good." Dream let one of his hands fall on top of hers. It drew her gaze back to him. "You deserve someone nice."

She smiled. "You think so?"

"Yeah," Dream nodded, "I do."

Dream didn't move his hand. Ellie made no move to draw hers away, either. They sat with their hands on top of each other for a long, drawn-out moment, stared at each other with a strange look in their eyes before they made up the distance.

Dream was kissing *George's* girlfriend. He had to pay attention to him now, even if it was all directed in blinding rage. But attention was attention, and Dream was never looking for anything strictly positive. He just wanted to be seen.

And he was seen. Seen when George came back to the library, seen when he grabbed Dream by the shoulder and tugged him away. Ellie stumbled over an apology, and Dream watched the two of them break up in the middle of the library.

All three of them got kicked out for making too much noise. And when Ellie ran off to her dorm, it

left Dream alone with George on the sidewalk—or maybe George was alone with Dream. Either way, there was a thick sense of anger between them, strewn up to the boiling point, enough to make George shove at Dream with a red anger on his face.

“What the fuck?!” George hit Dream’s chest with a closed fist. “That was so fucking uncalled for!”

Dream only shrugged. “So?”

“You could kiss anyone you wanted, you fucking prick!”

“And,” Dream grinned, “I wanted to kiss her.”

George narrowed his gaze. “She was my *girlfriend*.”

“Not anymore.”

“Yeah, go fucking figure.” George rolled his eyes. “Who the fuck are you, anyways?”

“Dream.”

George rolled his eyes. “Of course *you’re* Dream.”

“Oh?” Dream smirked wider. “You’ve heard of me?”

George groaned in annoyance. “Unfortunately.”

“What kind of things have you heard?”

“That you’re a dick,” George answered. “And you *are* a dick.”

“Maybe,” Dream moved to stand closer to George, their noses nearly touching, “but I got what I wanted.”

George scoffed. “And what’s that?”

“You’re paying attention to me.” Dream tapped his finger against George’s chin, who shoved his wrist away angrily. “That’s what I wanted.”

“There are easier ways to do that.” George shoved at his chest. “Ways that aren’t *kissing my girlfriend*.”

“She was kissing me first.”

It was defensive, but Dream was grinning like he’d won. In his head, he had.

“Fuck off.”

“She was probably unsatisfied, you know.” George’s face twisted at the implication. “I doubt you were very good.”

“*Very good?*” George scoffed. “What, like in bed?”

“Yeah,” Dream pushed their faces closer still, “in bed.”

“God, you just wanna make this as bad as it can be, don’t you?”

Dream shrugged. “Maybe.”

“I hate people like you.”

Dream raised an eyebrow. “People like me?”

George slid his body in closer, rose up on his tip-toes so their faces lined up better. Dream wanted to laugh at how *short* George was, but the brunet was talking before he could get the word out.

“Bratty fucking bitches who want attention.”

Dream nearly stumbled. “*Bratty?*”

“Yeah,” George tutted, “bratty.”

“I’m not a fucking brat.”

“You are,” their lips brushed together, breath mixing in hot anger, “and someone needs to put you in your place.”

“Fucking try me.”

George was the second person Dream made out with that night. And though they weren’t *in* the library anymore, they were still standing right outside of it. Beneath old street lights lining the sidewalk, with George up on his toes and his hands caught in Dream’s shirt.

And he was *leading*. No matter how much Dream tried to fight it, George was clearly the one in control. He was way too good, his lips were far too practiced, and he made it all feel so terribly easy. He was standing up on his toes and he still had Dream slipping out beneath him, mouth fallen open as if to coax George inside.

Instead, George tugged away. Fell flat on his feet and let his hands fall to his sides, looked up at Dream’s face and searched for the harsh edge of arrogance he’d grown to recognize. His eyes still held the mirth of challenge, but his lips had fallen flat and his freckled cheeks were tinted pink. It was just enough to make George laugh, to catch his hand around Dream’s wrist and tug him away from the library building.

Dream followed. It was strange and out of character, and in the back of his mind, he was surprised with himself. Usually, he’d put up more of a fight. Usually, he’d tug back. Usually, he’d spit out something flaming with arrogance to see if George would let go.

All he managed to get out was an incredulous, “Where are you taking me?” and his tone had lost half its bite.

George only tightened his grip on Dream’s wrist—a wrist thick enough to strand the tips of his fingers apart from each other when he circled it. It would’ve been so *easy* for Dream to pull away, to run off in the other direction. George wouldn’t have followed him, he probably wouldn’t have even watched him leave.

But Dream let George lead him across campus, lead him to a dorm hall he’d never been in and up two flights of stairs. Lead him to a room at the end of the corridor, one with a whiteboard reading *George & Karl* in pathetically messy handwriting. Dream barely got a chance to read it before he was in the too-clean dorm room, back pressed against a newly shut door and cold hands beneath his shirt.

That stupid mouth was on his neck, and Dream finally found half his mind to say something substantial.

“What the hell do you plan on doing?”

George tugged away, pulled Dream’s shirt off his body and barely let the blond catch the roll of his eyes. He took his own shirt off, too, crossed his arms over a now bare chest and looked Dream’s body up and down with an edge of appreciation.

“Get on the bed.”

Dream scoffed. “No way.”

George pressed a hand against the center of Dream’s chest, pushed his body backwards and harshly into the door. It shook against the frame beneath the force, and Dream wrapped his hand around George’s thin wrist. His fingers overlapped where they met.

“I’m not asking again.”

“And I’m not listening to you.”

George narrowed his eyes, turned his nails against the skin on Dream’s torso. The grip around his wrist tightened. Maybe it’d be harsh enough to bruise.

“Change your attitude,” George spoke with the rough edge of *threat*, “or I won’t be nice.”

“Be mean, then,” Dream spat. “It seems like you’re good at it.”

The hand against Dream’s chest found his throat, harsh and pressing at the sides of his neck. And George managed to pull Dream’s body up off the door despite his weight, managed to drag him across the room and throw him down against the bed. The mattress shook beneath his body, the bed frame bounced off the concrete wall. And George climbed on top of him, sat himself right in Dream’s lap and felt the semi through his jeans.

George didn’t try to stifle his low laughter, only dipped his head down to kiss Dream again. He caught both his wrists with his hands, pinned them down against the bed with as much force as he could muster. And though Dream pushed up against the grip weakly, it didn’t feel like he was *really* trying.

Clearly, Dream was stronger than George. Clearly, Dream was just *bigger* than George. With his large hands and larger ego, with almost half a foot of height on the brunet, with a mouth that didn’t know when to shut—especially not when George had his tongue shoved halfway down his throat. But he was laid against the bed with George’s fingers caught against his palms, with his grip encircling those wrists and his nails digging into the skin.

All the twitching pushes from Dream’s spread hands felt performative. Perhaps they were.

George licked into Dream’s mouth with burning fire. Though his hands felt ice cold against Dream’s hot skin, his mouth was alight in a possessive flame, in something that dripped effortlessly with *look at what I’ve done to you*. The only thing keeping Dream from whining at the onslaught of heat was his last shred of dignity, dangling pathetically over his head in a taunt that George was somehow better than him for doing this.

Maybe he was. Maybe he was better, for it was his slick lips being dragged down the side of Dream’s neck, his ivory teeth sinking into the skin of his throat with unapologetic harshness. He bit like he was trying to draw blood. Dream *had* told him to be mean, and he intended to follow that request.

It was the only thing he'd let Dream have. The only thing he properly asked for, at least.

"George," Dream hissed. "*George.*"

He wasn't sure what he was asking him for. But when George rolled his hips down against Dream, that somehow answered all his mindless pleas. The friction was beautiful, the drag of their cocks together through two pairs of jeans, the pathetic whine that fell past Dream's lips before he could swallow it down.

George smirked against his neck. And he pulled back to survey the purple-turning damage, a slick mess of claiming marks against tan skin. He pressed his nails into Dream's palms and they carved out little crescents against the flesh. They would fade almost immediately, but it was intoxicating to know that George had been the one to put them there. Even if only for a second.

"I'm *not* letting you..." It died with a hiss, with an involuntary lift of Dream's hips. "I'm not letting you have your way with me."

"I thought you wanted attention," George crooned, sliding his tongue flat against bruised flesh. "You can shove me off whenever you want. You're stronger than me, Dream."

Dream made a pitied sound of annoyance and clenched his fist. It caught his fingers against George's where they lay, and for a moment, George thought he might actually try and push him off. He even braced himself for the moment his back hit the floor, but it never came. Dream only pulled awkwardly at the fingers against his palms, didn't stop until George slid his hands up and laced their fingers together.

Huh.

He pressed Dream's hands into the pillow with greater force, slid his lips up against his jaw to catch his mouth in another kiss. Rough, wet, and terribly warm. George was all teeth this time, and the kiss felt more like a bite than anything—like his lips were an afterthought in this strange twist of something, sinking his teeth into Dream's tongue and savoring the soft whimper that rolled up his throat.

Dream's hands tightened around George's. He pushed up for a minute, like he might try to flip them over, but there wasn't quite enough force behind it. He kicked his legs against the bed, lifted his hips up to see if it'd get George to grind down on him again.

George did press his hips down against Dream, but he never moved them past that. It was only to pin his body down against the bed, to trap Dream beneath him with a hold on both his hands and the weight against his body. George pulled one of his hands free from Dream's grasp, pulled their lips apart to shoot him a dangerous look that spoke with multitudes of *don't you dare move* as he trailed the newly free hand down to Dream's waist.

"Come on," Dream spat. "You're moving so fucking slow, just get *on* with it already."

The hand on his waist tensed into *clawing*. The nails laid against bare skin tore into it, just rough enough to make Dream hiss. But that didn't stifle the laugh in Dream's throat, or the hand he wasn't supposed to move reaching out to grab George by the chin.

The one around his wrist gripped his skin to bruising. Dream grit his teeth and returned the force on George's jaw, dug his fingers in above his throat until George was groaning, too. Dream pulled him upward, let his knees shift against the bed and their cocks drag together.

"Come on." Dream repeated.

“Shut,” George let go of Dream’s wrist to grab his face, “the *fuck up*.”

Dream dropped his hand away from George’s face, let it hit against the bed with a soft sound. He let his self-assured smirk find its way back to his face, carving across his lips with a threatening edge—though he was still the one laid helpless on the bed.

“Fucking make me.”

George spit on his face without question. The only thing that made Dream do was flutter his eyelids, loll his tongue out to lick up the drip of saliva against his lips.

“Unless you’re a coward,” Dream taunted. “I wouldn’t put it past you if you don’t think you can do it.”

“You don’t think I can shut you up?” George scoffed at Dream’s agreeing hum. “You’re gonna fucking regret that.”

He pried Dream’s lips open and spit in between them. Let it slick over the edges of his mouth and slide onto his tongue, and he didn’t even have to *ask* Dream to shut his mouth and swallow. He did it anyways, parting his lips immediately like he expected George to do it again.

But George was crawling up on the bed, sitting himself down in the center of Dream’s chest. His fingers made quick work of his belt, unfastening his jeans and catching Dream’s eye through all the blond’s enthrallment. His gaze was caught on the motion of George’s hands, on the long fingers gliding over the waistband of his boxers and tugging his cock free.

It hit against Dream’s mouth, smeared precum over his lips. George could feel the shuddered breaths that fell past Dream’s lips, every exhale blown right against his cock. Dream’s eyes pulled half-crossed trying to look at George, and it only made his spit-dripped face look more lewd.

“Open.” George tapped his cock against Dream’s lips. “You can’t be anything but quiet with my cock down your throat.”

Dream let his mouth open just enough, just enough for George to press between his lips and tug them further apart. He planted one of his hands against the wall and gripped his cock with the other, sank himself down into Dream’s mouth and stuttered over his breath.

Dream tipped his head back immediately, eyelids fluttering when George’s cock hit against the roof of his mouth. George was quick to take the hand off his cock, quick to grab Dream by the chin and tug his head forward to face up properly, quick to lift up on his knees and sink the rest of his cock down Dream’s throat.

He gagged, fists punching into the wall behind him. But he made no moves to shove George off.

“Try speaking now,” George taunted. “Go on. Try.”

Dream made a pathetic noise through his tightened lips, tried to tip his head back again only for the hold on his jaw to tighten. He slid his tongue out past his bottom lip and laid it over the underside of George’s cock in a wet glide, eyes shutting fully when nails dug into his cheeks and neck.

And George started to fuck his throat. Used his position on his knees and his hand on the wall as leverage, thrust down into Dream’s mouth with enough force to shake the bed. And Dream just laid there and took it.

His jaw went slack, mouth splitting wide in nothing but a wet hole for George to fuck. His tongue

lay limp and useless against his lip, his eyes open just barely enough for his gaze to latch on George leaning over him—on his parted lips, on his clouded stare, on his flushed face. It all still held that strange edge of power, something touched with dominance and pathetically hot.

George was looking at Dream's mouth, at his wide pink lips and the spit running down his cheek. Caught on the way Dream had shifted his head so he didn't nick George with his teeth, caught on the barely-there visual of his moving cock in Dream's throat.

Then Dream whined. Moved his hands up off the bed to grab George by the thighs—and George nearly froze when he caught the motion, found himself prepared to hit the floor once again. But Dream was tugging him downward against his mouth, batting his eyelashes up at George as if encouraging him to fuck harder.

So he did. He leaned into the wall and rolled his hips with increased vigor, let Dream claw at his thighs and drag him down, let the nails digging into the skin on his jaw and neck pierce deeper. He felt it when he punctured skin, felt it when every sensation became enough to make Dream mewl, reveled in the way the blond's eyes rolled back into his head with a pathetic flutter.

George spit on his face again. Watched it glide down his flushed cheeks and gather at the corner of his mouth—his stretched open mouth, already wet with his own spit.

“Wish you could see yourself like this,” George groans, pressing against Dream's mouth on a deep thrust. “So fucking *pathetic*.” And he spit again.

Dream tugged on George's thighs, slid his hands around to grip and keep them there. So George let him, let him lay there with his cock shoved down his throat. He was *quiet*, for once in his goddamn life, not able to make a single noise that wasn't desperate and slick-sounding.

George groaned at the thought of it, at the thought of his cock gagging Dream quiet, at the thought of reducing him down to whatever the fuck this mess was—to drool on his bed sheets, to rough hands drawn against him, to big, *pleading* eyes that looked about ready for anything. So George stuttered his hips again, shook the bed and let it bang against the wall, stumbled over a moan as he felt himself draw ever-closer to release.

He stroked his thumb over Dream's cheek, gathered his own spit beneath the pad of his finger and wiped it across freckles. Dream's hold on his thighs relented enough for George to thrust properly, to roll his hips down into his mouth and moan unabashedly.

“So pretty when you're quiet, Dream,” Dream whined and fluttered his eyelids, “I'm gonna come down your throat.”

Dream keened, hummed and tightened his lips around George's cock. That mixed with the desperate look in his eyes was enough to push George over the edge, to thrust deep and final into Dream's throat and spill himself on a groan. And he had half the mind to tug himself up in the middle of it, to let the last of his cum stain Dream's slick lips white, to leave the pretty blond beneath him even *more* of a mess than he already was.

George swiped his thumb over Dream's lip, let his free hand palm at his own cock while a wet tongue came out to lick his fingers clean. It felt like a race to see who could clean Dream's mouth first—and somehow, both of them were winning. Dream was taking it all far too well, his still-free hands making no moves to flip anything around despite how easy it would've been. He only sucked George's thumb into his mouth despite it being clean, let him press the digit down against his tongue and slide far enough back to make him gag.

George laughed with a lip of dominance, cast dark and ebon through his pretty pink lips. And he was smirking, just as Dream had been earlier—but it looked better on him than it did on Dream. George found that Dream’s face was better suited for this: for spit and cum and too much pink, for lips swollen with overuse and heaving breaths that shook his entire chest.

“That shut you up,” George tugged his thumb free from Dream’s lips, “finally.”

“Can you...” Dream was moving his hands in a pathetic excuse for palming, grabbing desperately at George’s cock. “I want it.”

“Fuck,” George laughed dark again, “you want my cock?”

“I want *you*.” Dream tried to narrow his eyes, but he still looked pathetic. “I want your fucking attention.”

George rolled his eyes, sliding off the bed to strip his pants off and find the lube. When he finally found it and climbed back onto Dream’s lap, he was lacking pants, too. And his cock was rock hard and leaking on his stomach, looking desperate as fucking ever. George grinned, dragged a finger up the front of Dream’s cock just to hear him whine, pulled back to uncap the lube still in his hand.

Dream’s legs twitched against the bed. George tried not to make fun of him.

Instead, he slicked up three of his fingers and got straight to work before Dream started *whining* again, circled Dream’s rim with a lubed digit and watched his face twist with desperate need. And when he finally sank the tip of his finger in, he watched his lips fall open and his fists clench beside his head like he hadn’t been bracing himself for it.

George grabbed one of Dream’s thighs, pushed it upward to bend his knee, sank his finger in down to the third knuckle and twisted sideways. The feel of it made Dream gasp, made him tighten around the intrusion and jerk the leg George held in the air. George only smirked and tugged his finger out, sank it back in with a wicked smile, crooked his finger up and missed Dream’s prostate intentionally.

He probably wasn’t stretched enough for a second finger—so George gave him a second finger. Savored the tightness, savored the way Dream sputtered over a moan when he spread his fingers apart, savored the eagerness in which he took every sensation. He’d pressed his hands against the wall for leverage, leverage for when he rolled his hips down against George’s fingers and whined.

George pressed his knee against Dream’s body, applied enough force to keep him still when he tried to grind down again, and the newfound prevention made Dream mewl. He gave George a dissatisfied look, something biting drowned out by desperacy. And George laughed his starless laugh again, let the dark-edged sound fill Dream’s ears with foregin tease, scissored his fingers apart wider in attempts to stretch his hole.

“Stay still,” George said harshly, “let me have control.”

“But you’re so—”

“Don’t you *dare* finish that sentence.”

Dream shut his lips tight and swallowed. George didn’t take the darkened look out of his eyes, holding his harsh gaze with Dream’s desperacy as he pressed his third finger in alongside the others. He watched Dream’s face crack with too eager of a gaze, watched one hand reach down to tug at blond hair, watched his head fall back against the pillow and lose George’s eye contact with the move.

George spread his fingers apart, crooked them upwards to brush against Dream's prostate. And he shook beneath him, properly *shook* with a desperate moan directed at the wall behind him, the sound petering off into a whimper when George retracted his fingers. Then he did it again, with ever so slightly more pressure this time, reveling in the newly desperate sound that sent Dream's head falling limply to the side.

"This the kind of attention you wanted?" Dream only mewled in response. "Is it, Dream?"

He sputtered. "Maybe."

George grinned again, pulled his fingers out with a terribly lewd sound, not missing the pathetic whine on Dream's swollen lips. It surged the strange confidence inside him brighter, and Dream's head fell forward to look George in the eyes as the brunet reached for the lube beside them, wasting no time slicking up his cock and lining himself up.

Dream sucked in his breath. His thigh was shaking in George's hand after he'd lifted it back up again, his hole clenching around nothing but the very tip of George's cock—just barely enough for him to feel it. And George pressed in carefully, groaned out loud the moment he felt just how *tight* Dream was around him, but he seemed wanting and eager for the rest of it.

George slung Dream's leg over his shoulder so he could grab his hips with both hands. Hold him steady as he slid in the rest of the way, pressing all of himself into Dream with a satisfied moan. And Dream was moaning, too, his voice strung higher than it was typically and his hands shaking against the pillow.

"How about this?" George stuttered his hips. "*This* the kind of attention you wanted?"

Dream moaned and pressed his hips down as if to say *yes*. George didn't mind a lack of verbal answer, though when Dream finally did open his mouth, he was fine with that, too.

"M so full."

George hummed with satisfaction, pulled a tiny bit more of his cock out before thrusting back in.

"Yeah?" He did it again. "Feel good?"

Dream moaned in agreement. "Harder."

"*God.*" George thrust his hips with a little more fervor. "Fucking desperate."

Dream didn't have it in him to say anything back. The only thing left was the ability to lay there and take it, to spread his legs wider and let George pick up the pace ever-so-slowly. Perhaps a little *too* slowly, but Dream couldn't find the ability to spread his mouth open and ask for it. The only sounds he could make were wanton and desperate, unapologetic in their loudness to meet the clash of the bed frame against the wall.

And George groaned, leaned down over to Dream's body to sink his teeth back into the side of his neck. He bit with enough strength to bruise, bit with enough strength to litter his neck with another smattering of purple. Dream pulls one of his hands up off the bed, catches his fingers into dark hair and pulls George harder into his throat.

He fucks into him harder. Finds arousal in the obscenity of all the slicked noises, sucks another fresh mark onto a too-visible part of Dream's neck, revels in the fact that he's *here*. On top of—inside of—Dream, someone who'd shoved his tongue down his now ex-girlfriend's throat not even that long ago. And it was *his* cock stuffed inside him, and it was *Dream* who was moaning

pathetically at the ceiling.

And it was hands down the pale expanse of his back, blunt nails trying to tug at his skin but none were long enough to break it, it was a long leg thrown over his shoulder in a twisted position that reminded him just how much Dream towered over him when they stood up. But they weren't standing up, and Dream was pinned to the bed.

When George pulls his head up from Dream's neck, he finds that he's crying. It's slow, painfully slow in a drag of tears down the sides of his face. And it mixes with what's left of George's spit, glides down his face in a sick mix of *something* and George can't hold himself back enough to keep from licking it up.

He slides his tongue over Dream's hot skin, tastes salt and spit and something *Dream* beneath the muscle and lays a wet kiss along the corners of his mouth. And when Dream spreads his lips open further as if he's asking for it, George licks his way back into his mouth and lets their lips mash together in something desperate and amateur.

And he tries to fuck Dream harder. To grip him by the thighs and thrust with greater speed, to fill the room with too many noises bouncing off the walls, to run his tongue along the underside of Dream's teeth and taste himself there.

"Take it so well," George huffed against Dream's mouth. "Fucking made for this, yeah?"

Dream groaned and pulled George's face back against his, let his pale stomach slide against his aching cock. George slid his knee up on the bed, pressed his body down against Dream's harder for more stimulation, re-angled and re-positioned himself until *there*.

Dream's head rolled back far enough to pull their lips apart, but George didn't care. Not when Dream was moaning like *that*, loud and unforgiving and borderline animalistic. It practically shook his whole body with it, and when George hit the same spot again, the hand caught in his hair tugged him down *hard*.

His head knocked against Dream's chest. So he went faster.

Perhaps it had devolved. Spun out into a terrible mess, into nothing short of pathetic in the way it was clawing nails and slicked noises. But Dream was practically screaming, definitively loud enough to bother anyone else in the hall. And, though quieter, George wasn't shy with his noises, either—groaning into the violet skin on Dream's neck and letting him feel the breath against his body.

Dream had never felt like this. He'd never even *thought* about feeling like this—but fuck, if he didn't want to feel this way forever. It was his entire body, it was every inch of him including his mind, it was shaking on top of the bed and feeling the bed shake with him. He felt every sound in his throat before it spilled past his lips, and it would've been humiliating to hear his own voice ricochet off the walls if he weren't so fucking *desperate* for it.

So fucking desperate for George's cock. Buried inside him, fucking into him with a harshness that made it feel like the room was shaking, a harshness that made it feel like the end of the world. In a good way—in a way that made being pissed for a whole week and kissing a girl he didn't even like worth it.

And he could feel himself drawing ever-closer. Through his fucked-out breathing and a mess of moans, Dream managed to spit out a "*close*" that was nearly inaudible to George. It was caught between all the other noises in the room, but George caught it just barely enough to drop one of his

hands between their stomachs and around Dream's cock, sliding upward with careful ease and rolling a thumb over the slicked head.

That was all it took for Dream to come. To spill over his own stomach, to stain the edges of George's hand white with release, to leave himself a sticky mess beneath George. And George had fucked him through it—both with his hand and his cock. He kept his relentless speed, picked up the motion of his hand to be stifflingly quick, didn't stop either even after Dream had rode out his orgasm.

Because *George* wasn't done yet. And though Dream may have been the attention whore, George had the utmost intentions to stuff Dream full of himself in a much slicker way.

He sat up on his knees and hoisted Dream's body up by his thighs, found himself with *both* legs thrown over his shoulders and two hands planted on his waist. It gave him better leverage than being crowded over Dream like before, gave him a better view of the fucked-out face stroked with tear tracks and a still-swollen mouth coated in spit.

Somehow, Dream got louder. It was perfectly hot, hot enough to push George over the edge with a dangerous speed, to come inside of Dream and keep moving through his *own* orgasm just as he had with Dream's.

Dream had been thinking about how hot George was this whole time. But fuck was he hot like this—hot and fucking twisted.

He fell back on top of Dream seconds after he finished, panted heavy in his ear with unbridled exhaustion, moved slow and lax to pull out. He ran his finger over Dream's spent hole, felt the obscene mixture of lube and cum as it spilled out onto his bed sheets. George would've grimaced at the thought of dealing with those stains, but in the moment, it was too hot to consider the bad parts of it.

There were other "bad parts" though, like the fact that Dream was heavy and his legs didn't work which meant George had to do everything for him to clean up. But he was strangely alright with it, and he was strangely alright with the earnest looks of *care* that Dream had given him with tired eyes, and the way he'd asked so quietly if it was okay to spend the night.

George had said yes, of course. And he'd let Dream cuddle up beside him when they fell asleep that night, let him stay when he slept through the next morning, let him stay all through the day as long as he'd keep *smiling* like that.

Maybe Dream should kiss pretty boys' girlfriends more often. That seemed to get him what he wanted.

He would if he didn't already have a pretty boyfriend.

End Notes

i kept almost typing the wrong names out of habit. bottom gets something done to him and my muscle memory says "type george"

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